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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII | THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1906 | NUMBER 13

WHO HATH A BOOK.

Who hath a book
  Hath friends at hand,
And gold and gear
  At his command;
And rich estates,
  If he but look,
Are held by him
  Who hath a book.

Who hath a book
  May fight, or sing,
Or ride or rule,
  Or anything.
And he may dwell
  In humble hut,
Or palace, ere,
  The book be shut.

Who hath a book
  Hath but to read
And he may be
  A king, indeed.
His kingdom is
  His inglenook—
All this is his
  Who hath a book.

Who hath a book
  Should thank the Lord
Because he may
  A book afford;
And in his prayer
  This clause is due:
"Lord, bless the men
  Who write books, too!"

Wilbur D. Nesbit, in "A Book of Poems."

The Industrial Insurance Commission appointed by Governor Deneen, under special act of the legislature, of which Prof. Charles R. Henderson, of the University of Chicago, is secretary, is desirous of information concerning all organizations in connection with mines, railroads, factories, etc., etc., that provide benefits in case of sickness, accident, old age or death, to their members; rates paid, benefits secured, sums expended, numbers in organizations, etc. Such information will be made the basis of recommendations for future legislation by the committee. A commendable object in competent hands. We trust that all available information will be placed at the disposal of Secretary Henderson.

The American Institute of Sacred Literature" reports through its secretary that upwards of twelve hundred churches responded to its recent call for a Bible study class. Every state in the Union except Arkansas, South Carolina, Louisiana and Indian Territory is reported in this response. Several hundred of these churches have organized Bible classes for systematic work, and many thousand slips, giving detailed information, were distributed. That there is a growing interest in Bible studies is obvious on every hand; that such interest is occasioned by the work of the recent students in Bible fields and that it results in an ever widening acceptation of the conclusions of the "Higher Criticism" is equally true. Study is a rational exercise, and Bible studies will result in a rational appreciation of the Bible as a literature instinct with human inspirations and fallibilities.

In these days when the office of the minister is so neglected if not decried, when all sorts of provisional activities are exploited and justified on the score that the pulpit has lost its virility and the church its power, it is refreshing to come upon this tribute from District Attorney Jerome, of New York, to the work of one minister, published as we find it in the *New York Sun* issue of November 16. Referring to the persistent work of Rev. Thomas Slicer, pastor of the First Unitarian Church of New York City, against gambling and pool rooms, Mr. Jerome is reported to have said:

> "I think sometimes with shame, that a minister in the city of New York, all alone, has done more to strike a blow at the evil connected with poolrooms than the whole administration of justice in the four counties of the city of New York. I think Dr. Slicer, all alone by his persistency, has done more to abate this nuisance than the four district attorneys in the counties included in the city of New York and all the criminal courts combined, and I take it, sir, that that condition is shameful, when this can be said with truth."

"Betterment World League" is the name of one of the later organizations looking towards uplifting the world. The first charter lodge has recently been organized in Chicago. It is to act in coöperation with the "Golden Rule Fraternity," which, if we understand it, is to be a secret society, a lodge movement to run on parallel lines with the League. The titles are prophetic and encouraging. "Visionary?" "Impractical?" "Impossible?" "Fanatical?" "Fantastical?" Very likely! very likely! So certainly seemed the contentions of Israel's prophets, the rhapsodies of the Nazarene and his missionary twelve; so were their contentions as well as those of Fox, Wesley, Channing, Parker, and the rest of them. But the world has a substratum of divine insanity in it that falls in love with such absurdities, lays hold of them, and ultimately embodies them in institutions, and the absurd becomes sensible and the impossible possible.

As might have been expected, Dr. Crapsey has been ruled out of the Episcopal Church, the decision of the lower court being sustained in the court of last appeals. It is another case of where literal justice is spiritual injustice. Technically the findings of the

court are decidedly right, but any interpretation of the Episcopal Church that leaves out the accumulated life *since* the writing of the creed, the aggregation of intelligence, the fresh deposits of common sense and scholarship, the expansions of love and sympathy which Dr. Crapsey expounded so efficiently, leaves the Episcopal Church a thing of rags and tatters. Ecclesiastical bodies grow slowly and readjust themselves with great difficulty, but the growth and the readjustment must come if death and oblivion are to be avoided. Perhaps the latter doom has been the fate of most religious organizations that the world has known, but religion, happily, has escaped the entombment. Reverend Mr. Crapsey is still a minister and has lost none of his rights at the altars of truth and devotion.

Our friend, N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis, the successful business man who has time and mind enough to ask, What is one to do with his success? has an unbusinesslike skill in investing his earnings. Instead of isolating himself from his fellows and from the common world of joys and companionship by retinues of servants and elaboration of service, he knocks about where the battle of life is raging. His last suggestion is to the women's clubs of St. Louis. He proposes to match dollar with dollar with them, to be used in paying to needy mothers the weekly income acquired through the work of the children that ought to be in school. This is no new suggestion; we believe the plan has to a degree been tried by some women in Chicago, but so far as we know, Mr. Nelson is the first man, who has succeeded in making money, in any striking degree, to come forward with his money to ameliorate the atrocities of child labor in this way. This attempt to meet individual cases will carry with it beneficence to the individual, but the greater good will come from the first-hand study of the evil; it will be laboratory work in sociology, of great value.

In this, our Annual Book Number, we may be pardoned for reproducing the following extract from a private letter from one who is heroically trying to enlarge the ministry of religion. For this purpose he has stepped down from the pulpit that bears a denominational label or a seventh day accent of piety in order that he may the more effectively embody his devotion to a seven-day confession of his faith in embodied religion, practical Christianity. In a letter to the Editor he says:

"I feel obliged to acknowledge my appreciation of UNITY. . . . It is the only professed religious paper I get now amongst my fifty. It is the only one I seem to want. I appreciate the vital topics of the Watch Tower and the comments. I generally get something of the breath of life from the front cover. I respect Brother Powell's book reviews when they appear and always wish we had more of Powell, the divine farmer. I think I always perceive the peering eyes of UNITY after the world's vital issue, even when there is nothing more than a spark of verse or a vital line in it. I like the words *Abraham Lincoln Centre* in every number. I only wish you literally split rails there as a part of your spiritual exercise 'towards democracy' and the 'parliament of man.' Oh, that intellect, physical competency and true feeling may keep closer and sweeter counsel in the future, looking towards that great Congress. Grouped in your table of contents this week the names—Whitman, Chadwick, George Eliot, W. C. Gannett—suggest spiritual highlands, rugged ideals, clothed upon with leaves and sunshine.

"Long live UNITY, and may leaves like this, and especially more so, be scattered like leaves of Vallambrosa, leaves of healing to the nations."

The *Cambrian* for November gives some interesting accounts of life at the far end of our globe. Many years ago there was lively emigration from Wales to Patagonia, that country then competing with the United States in the minds of adventurous emigrants; many being drawn southward by the expectation of greater returns for the greater adventure. This account tells of a community of Welsh people who live in the mountain ranges, where there are vast tracts of high grazing lands, where the fox, the ostrich and the small deer constitute the game. Farm and forest products are conveyed once a year a distance of six hundred miles to market; cattle, horses and sheep are driven four hundred and fifty miles to the nearest shipping point. The Welsh language is still preserved in its purity, though English and Spanish are also spoken. Tobacco costs two shillings ten pence per pound. In our Thanksgiving sermons we boast that the world is growing smaller; that the nations are growing more intimate, but this far world of South America is more remote from our thinking and fellowship than the fields of Asia. The lines of sympathy and commerce must some day take northerly and southerly directions, as well as eastern and western circuit, before the world becomes one and the compact of nations becomes complete.

The *Public* for November 24 contains an interesting account of the remarkable career of Ernest Crosby; the son of a gifted and beloved Presbyterian minister of New York, profiting by the academic privileges of university, law school and foreign travel, knowing for ten years the busy career of a city lawyer, passing from that to the position of judge of the International Court at Egypt, where he presided at Alexandria for five years, the proceedings being conducted in French and Italian interchangeably. A chance acquaintance with one of Tolstoy's books changed his whole career. From being an aristocrat and a conservative he became a democrat and a radical; resigned his judgship, came home by way of Tolstoy, made the acquaintance of Henry George, became the writer of parables, the lecturer on economic subjects, the prophet of a new order. His books, "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," "Sword and Plough Shares," "Broadcast," "Garrison, the Non-Resistant," "Tolstoy and His Message," "Tolstoy as a School Master," are now followed by a popular biography of "Golden Rule Jones, Mayor of Toledo," a book that tempts the earnest reader through its subject and its author. Many of these books are published by the Public Publishing Company, First National Bank Building, Chi-

cago, and all of them are obtainable through this source.

The higher combinations come slowly, but they are much needed. The capitalistic forces looking for monetary creeds are developing a Free Masonry that is quick to hear a cry of distress. When the combinations of wealth stand together they become a trust, and the trust makes common cause against a common enemy. In the realms of education, art and religion there is as yet no such common understanding. Library boards, school boards, club organizations and lecture centers are jealous of their respective autonomies and suspicious of change. Public libraries hold themselves apart from the educational forces of the city; the public schools are ever jealous of interference or even of coöperation on their own high lines. A case in point: The University Extension Centers in Chicago recently offered free tickets to the literature students in the senior classes of adjoining high schools to a course of lectures in literature by those eminently qualified to interpret the masters. The lectures were given out of school hours and within easy reach of school rooms. These free tickets were declined "under the rules of the Board of Education." "While we appreciate your kindness," etc., "we are not permitted to discriminate in matters of this character." Why not discriminate? What are high school teachers for? What are high schools for? Why do the universities support these courses of popular instruction at a great money loss for? Let these educational institutions forget their circumferences and recognize their common centers and work together. Benign "combinations" are yet to be developed.

A Contented Teacher

Every college professor in writing his confessions seems to be giving an *Apologia pro vita sua.* His loudest complaint is about the salary. Small as mine is, I sometimes think it is as large as it would be had I gone into some other occupation; but, as I said before, I am so commonplace that my example has no bearing whatever on the argument for higher salaries for college men. In one of the most recent publications giving the woes of the professor there is a lamentation to the effect that his house is plainly furnished without even the luxury of an oriental rug, and that one of the pleasures of his family life is the annual ride out into the country. This is pathetic, especially as for many years his regular salary has been $2,000 a year. Nor does he live in a large city. I must have a genius of a home-maker, for with a salary that averages less than his we can go driving into the country many times a year, and we have the luxury of walking over several antique oriental rugs. For ten years I have been carrying ten thousand dollars of endowment insurance, which will mature when I am about fifty years old. And during each summer we can spend part of the vacation on a farm, paying our board, too, and some years we go even to the seashore. Without going into detail, I may be believed, I hope, in saying that our social life is not one of parsimonious barrenness.—*From the September Atlantic.*

The chief pang of most trials is not so much the actual suffering itself, as our own spirit of resistance to it.

—*Jean Nicolas Grau.*

The Annual Book Number

A "Book Number" is an old institution of UNITY. We may not present the brilliant colors, the elaborate lists and the extensive advertisements of our more successful contemporaries who, in this direction as in many others, are easily out-doing us, but we still are true to the traditions of many years in insisting on the value of the grain grown in the thought-fields of life. The books of the year represent the soul-harvestings, the grain of the spirit. In recent issues we have tried to clear up the Senior Editor's table of current books. Many of them we would like again to commend. "Attractions" still remain, but in this issue we give room for the fresher words of our colleagues. The following are some of the replies that have come to us in answer to the question, "What book of the year has most impressed you?"

Miss Julia A. Gulliver, President Rockford College.—"Christian Belief Interpreted by Christian Experience." The Barrows Lectures (delivered in India, Ceylon and Japan). University of Chicago Press, 1906. I find this book inspiring. (1) Because of its spirit: The author has so sincerely striven to "venture past the barriers of custom, of conventionality, of dogmatic controversy" and to walk with Christ "in the calm, sweet garden of his own truth." Long before he came to India his heart prophesied of India, "by the warmth of its longings, by the tenderness of its sympathies, by the sincerity of its admiration." (2) Because of its style: Simplicity of expression and strength of thought have not precluded great beauty of diction; page 16 is a gem. (3) Because of its broad-minded conviction that "the West needs the East quite as much as the East needs the West, if humanity is to measure the depth and breadth and length of the gospel of the Son of God." (4) Because (as a corollary from this last) of its insight into the truth of such to us, strange and even perverted doctrines as Yoga, transmigration of souls, Karma, etc.

Rev. Elinor E. Gordon, Secretary Iowa Unitarian Association, Des Moines.—This last year has been rich in great books. Many books have had a message for me. Possibly I have had a special interest in Professor Harold Höffding's "Problems in Philosophy" and "Philosophy of Religion."

Rev. Marion D. Shutter, Pastor Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis, Minn.—Replying to your request of November 15, I can only say that, as I was engaged in foreign travel the first six or seven months of the year, the book (or books) which most impressed me was "Baedeker." The reason is obvious.

Rev. R. Heber Newton, New York City.—In sociological lines the book of the year that has most interested me is Hunter's "Poverty"; in theological lines, Pfleiderer's "Origins of Christianity."

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, New York City.—Henry Demorest Lloyd's "Man the Social Creator" has helped me more than any other book of the year which I have read. It ought to be made a text book in seminaries for the training of ministers. Harsh and cruel sounds his name for the church—"the mausoleum of the promises of religion." But, alas, is it not almost just? I quoted the words at a meeting of the New York State Conference of Religion a few nights ago at Schenectady. Vehement rather than vigorous ex-

ception was taken by one of the many fatally optimistic ministers of our day. I want nothing less than leadership of the world for church and synagogue. Leadership in service! If it be a sin to covet the honor of service for the churches, I am the most offending soul alive. Lloyd's posthumous work, for the appearance of which we owe thanks to Jane Addams, has deepened and strengthened my own consciousness of the little done and the vast undone of the churches. I owe to Lloyd and to his book a new sense of the supreme obligation of the church to the world.

Rev. Wallace M. Short, Pastor Beacon Hill Congregational Church, Kansas City, Mo.—Winston Churchill's "Coniston" is a great book. "Jethro Bass has a kind of power you don't often run across." "What people say about the way I got my power is mostly true, I guess, though it isn't put just as it ought to be." I haven't been happy, Cynthy, for I knew you would ask me that question some day." "As were the times, so was the man." These sentences quoted from memory are windows into the secret power and tragedy of the modern business man's life. "The Finality of the Christian Religion," by Foster, is, of course, a greater book. "The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit," by Brown, is timely.

Rev. George R. Dodson, Pastor of Church of the Unity, Missouri.—My vote is for "Der Vorchristliche Jesus," by Prof. Wm. Benjamin Smith, of Tulane University. The publisher is A. Töpelmann, Gieszen. This is an illuminating study of the origins of Christianity. The author's vast knowledge is equaled by his originality. The views advocated are surprising, but not more so than the ability with which they are defended. Even if they fail of final acceptance, they are extremely suggestive and will probably at least compel a revision of current conceptions. The reader seems to see a veil lifted and to be viewing the real instead of the mythical origins of a great movement, and he can't but wonder how a scholar whose knowledge is so great has managed to throw off the spectacles of tradition and to look at the facts with fresh eyes.

Prof. Gerald Birney Smith, University of Chicago.—As I now recall the list of books which I have read (which is, I confess, almost entirely limited to the publications in my own special department of theology and to kindred works) I should say that I have been most impressed by Peabody's "Jesus Christ and the Christian Character." It shows how our religious and moral life is to become vitalized when we succeed in studying the great leaders of faith by a sympathetic historical method. To have rescued Jesus from the clouds of metaphysics and to have revealed the power of his life among men in such a way that he becomes our helper in our spiritual struggles is a great achievement.

Rev. John Faville, Pastor of First Congregational Church, Peoria, Ill.—Professor Davenport's "Primitive Traits in Religious Revivals" has most impressed me, because it takes hold of the subject still most talked about and urged upon the churches—"Revivals"—in the sanest, most comprehensive and fairest way of any book with which I am acquainted. Its temper is good, its research is great and its contribution to psychology and to "pure and undefiled religion" invaluable.

Rev. Richard W. Boynton, Pastor of Unity Church, St. Paul, Minn.—The most impressive book that I have read during the year is Thomas Davidson's "The Education of the Wage Earners." It is a memorial of the last and best piece of work of that wonderful scholar and brilliant free-lance in the world of thought, who with all classic and scholastic and modern learning in the fields of philosophy and literature at his fingers' ends sat down in the ripeness of his years to impart the wisdom of life to a group of wage-earners on the East Side of New York, until cut off by an untimely death; his work, however, going on in the Thomas Davidson Schools. For abounding vitality, splendid consecration and endless hope for our distracted democracy, I know of nothing more stimulating than this little book, containing a brief memoir of Davidson's career and writings, the lectures on which his New York experiment was founded, and finally the story of that experiment itself. I wish that every minister, teacher and social settlement worker in the land might read, mark and inwardly digest this golden book, in a sense almost unique a *book of life.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor UNITY: The recent article on the "Dress Problem" in UNITY seems timely and of rare importtance. When newspapers show daily changes of styles and churches from week to week make plain the regard paid to such changes, is it not time that women who profess discipleship to the meek and lowly Jesus ask, "Is it I"? We abhor idolatry, yet what less is the submission even religious women pay to the fashion images human selfishness sets up? The expense heathen idolatry demands of worshipers bears no comparison, as ornamentation of one image will serve many worshipers a continuous time, and the devotion be less debasing from the motive being less selfish.

The tendency of stylishness is to prevent the poor, to whom the gospel should be preached, from appearing in churches. How plainly Christ's earthly kingdom is misrepresented by the vivid devotion to this goddess! He said, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Idols of wood and stone are not continually decked and redecked at the worshiper's expense, and could fashion-makers and obedient servants thereof estimate results, in the long course the evil might be appalling. It seems that the call of UNITY to fidelity to the gospel of Jesus in this respect is timely. Practical regard of a congregation, or an individual, even could not fail to become impressive. The Wesley brothers could not foresee the following of a multitude no man could number when choosing an unstylish *"method"* of church work. And other foundation than on such gospel principles can no woman lay for as true church prosperity, and satan will vanish when he sees such women vestured as they please.

A LOVER OF UNITY.

Catasauqua, Pa.

"The Amulet," by Charles Egbert Craddock, comes from the Macmillan Co. I do not think this book is equal to "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," but it is a thoroughly readable novel, and the tone is as clean as the rest of the work done by the author. There is something a little lacking in every one of the characters to make them thoroughly individualized, except the aunt, Mrs. Annandale. This character is about as original and complete as anything I have seen in recent novels. The love story is just about right to satisfy a fellow who has seen a good deal of match making and such goings on. The right fellow gets the right girl, and the wrong fellow turns out just about provoking enough to make you glad of his disappointment.

THE PULPIT.

"Soul, Thou Hast Much Goods"

A Thanksgiving Sermon.

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, NOVEMBER 25, 1906.

And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: And he reasoned within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have not where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my grain and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou foolish one, this night is thy soul required of thee; and the things which thou hast prepared, whose shall they be? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.

Luke xii:16-22.

It is the habit of this pulpit to discount the material basis of Thanksgiving Day in the interest of the more enduring elements of home associations and the mental and spiritual wealths that gather around the same. I have been distressed over a certain unctious materialism, an unconscious conceit, that creeps into the typical Thanksgiving proclamations of presidents and governors. I have found a nobler imperative in the proclamation of the grandmother than in any issued by the chief executive of the United States. In her proclamation the blessings of the fireside rather than the bounty of the fields, baby smiles more than bursting granaries, and vacant chairs more than stocks and bonds are the elements in the Thanksgiving bounty that make the old homestead sacred, its walls palatial, however barren, battered or primitive they may be.

This year I mean to try to be just to the granary. It is ungracious as it is irreligious to decry the bounty we enjoy. We have no right to relish the turkey we condemn; it is hypocrisy to deplore the wealth which engages so much of our attention and consumes so much of our energy. Civilization, whatever it may be, is a something that is allied to clothing and cooking. Man is distinguished from his humbler kindred in nature chiefly by the more efficient way in which he has provided himself with protection and provender. Man by nature is the most defenseless of animals. Nature has provided him with neither fur nor feathers, claws nor hoofs, horns, fangs, nor scales,—and still he can go farther into the frozen zone than can the polar bear; he ventures farther into the torrid desert than does the camel; his storehouses are more abundant than those of the thriftiest squirrel or the most diligent bee or ant.

Surely, the water-proof coat and the weather-proof house are priceless acquisitions, and dull indeed is the heart that enjoys the same in unthinking and ungrateful stolidity. The power which enables man to bring up out of the bowels of the earth the black stone, transport the same across vast stretches of mountain and valley, store it in abundant quantities and at man's need transform the same into heat and light, giving him summer temperature in winter, midday radiance in the darkest night, is no less than divine and should move the profound emotions of the soul.

If the parable of the successful farmer, which I read to you this morning and which furnishes our text, is not to be found contradicting the lessons of experience, the logic of history, the emphasis of condemnation must not be placed, as it too often is, upon the industry that cultivates the fields and the thrift that garners the products thereof. History has approved and not condemned the field-tiller and the barn-builder, and the genius of language, the fundamental inspiration I love to commend to you, the inspiration that gave to man words, hints at this deeper truth.

The text says, "much goods." Some unerring logic, too deep for analysis, converted the adjective into a substantive. And so we talk about "household goods," "dry goods," and our text speaks of "corn and goods." The Anglo-Saxon in this respect but followed the example of his classic antecedents. In the Latin, "bonum" means "good"; the plural, "bona," means "property." Indeed the Century Dictionary is disposed to give to the word "good" root relationship to the word "gather"; perhaps the noun suggested the adjective. Things gathered were "goods." Be that as it may, any interpretations of political economy, of morals or religion, that slurs industry or discounts thrift, is to be deplored. It is harking back to the less spiritual conditions of the barbarian, the less ethical practices of the plunderer and the murderer; for he who will not work, sooner or later must steal or starve.

Well may we say this Thanksgiving season, "Soul, thou hast much goods, laid up for many years," and in saying it, give to "goods" the full benefit of its benign antecedent. We should give thanks for the barns, and should never cease to give thanks for that accumulation of skill, that aggregation of labor, that marvelous interweaving of energies, intercommunication between bounties, interchange of human industries, interlocking of human needs, that make a famine in America, in the Oriental and ancient sense, impossible; that circumscribes a pestilence and limits the terrors of storms, tornadoes and earthquakes to an ever decreasing minimum.

If there be drought in Dakota, Texas fields are prolific; should grasshoppers devastate Kansas, the wheat fields of Washington and Oregon are abundant; is there a blizzard in Minnesota, a thousand men with pick and shovel, re-enforced by the ten thousand horsepower of steam and electricity, are promptly digging their way through the drifts, defying the snow walls that bring death to wolf and deer and bird,—who for all their furs and feathers are less able to protect themselves than are the naked children of men who have provided themselves with the necessary "goods."

I have used the word "provender,"—another gleam of revelation in this word. "Provender," "provider," "providence." How the human fingers relate themselves to the infinite resources! How the Divine smile breaks out in the generous face of the housewife! The pumpkin pie is the last tangible product of the sun, and the turkey on the Thanksgiving table is related to the procession of the equinoxes.

Surely, the Thanksgiving table is an expression of the sweet influences of the Pleides; but it is a low and ungracious interpretation of the barnyard bounty and the thrift of the woodshed and the coal-bunker that counts only the physical comforts and safeties secured by them. For the very text I am preaching from, the hymns we have sung, the prayers, of which our words are inadequate utterances, are all related to, depend upon, and are, to a measureless degree, the products of the farm and the shop. The "goods" of life have sustained and inspired the explorer with his compass, the excavator among the sand-buried treasures of Babylon and Nineveh, the inventor at his work-bench, the investigator in his laboratory. These very days human ingenuity is constructing in eastern

shops the special auto-car that is to convey to the top of Mount Wilson in California the lens, four tons in weight, that is to enable the soul of man, from his mountain laboratory, to sweep the heavenly spaces as with a broom.

Any catalogue of the "goods" that year by year necessitate the tearing down of the old barns and the building of bigger ones, that leaves out the laboratory and the picture, the piano and the statue, the cathedral and the hospital, the court-house and the university, are inadequate.

Lincoln, the rail-splitter, is only a conspicuous illustration of the universal law of human progress. The ambition that felled the trees, fostered the purpose, strengthened the aim, mellowed the heart, and sharpened the conscience. The spirit that split the rails, by virtue of the rail-splitting triumph and the success connected therewith, eventually strengthened the blow that shattered the shackles of four million slaves.

"O Soul, thou hast much goods!" Tear down your old barns and build larger ones, and still larger ones. Every triumph of a material nature adds one more rung to the Jacob ladder that reaches from earth to heaven, upon which angels do daily ascend and descend.

Emerson was enamored of the pine tree; he glorified simple living and high thinking, but Emerson was the direct product, not of the pine tree in the woods, but of the pine tree converted into house-rafters, into the ship mast, into paper pulp and ink rollers; Carlyle and all his friendships, Wordsworth and all his inspirations, were a part of the "goods" made available to Emerson.

"O Soul, thou hast much goods"; give thanks for the same this Thanksgiving week.

When are the "goods" good? When they protect and thereby extend life; when they increase the power of the human mind; when they bring to it greater leisure from the stern conflict with nature. In short, when they give the soul freedom,—freedom from cold; freedom from cravings of the stomach; freedom from the tyranny of circumstances; freedom from labor; freedom from the domination of inferior minds; when they widen the realm of pleasure, enlarge the picture galleries of life; widen the circle of the beautiful; when they re-augment the wealth of today with the treasures of the past; re-enforce the hour with the wealth of the centuries; when it awakens great thirsts and increases the fellowships of the world.

Why, then, this suspicion of wealth, this reproach of the big barns, this distrust of goods, so apparent in the gospel pages, so persistently in the minds of the sages? We have but to complete the sentence from which I have taken my text to find an answer:

> "I will say to my soul: 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease; eat, drink and be merry!'"

There we have it! How short is the road from blessings to curses! The fire that warms may burn; the shower that revives and nourishes, when it passes beyond a certain point, becomes the floods that devastate and destroy; that which within limits constitutes our "goods," beyond that limit demands another substantive, calls for another noun,—the "Bads," and it is a question for morals and religion to discover the point where the "goods" become the "bads" of life.

On the physical side, Goods become "Bads" when sobriety gives way to dissipation; when drink makes drunkards and food makes gluttons. The clothes that are "goods" so long as they protect and foster modesty, becomes "bads" when they torture the body and crucify modesty; when they minister to the vulgarity, the love of display, the revealments that are grosser than the nakedness of primitive innocence.

On the spiritual side, "goods" become "bads" when they are sought for their own sake rather than for the service they render; when in the extension of the power of the individual there comes a commensurate extension of arrogance; when that power is used in crushing of the weaker, when it fosters conceit and selfishness; when it hardens the sensibilities, widens the chasm between man and man, between nation and nation, between soul and the Over-Soul; when "goods" debilitate the body, the mind, or the conscience; when they divert the energies from creative and constructive lines; when the accumulations are withdrawn from the wealth of the world, and the soul says to itself,—"Take thine ease; eat, drink and be merry,"—then fitting is the rebuke of the Master,—"Thou foolish one! This night thy soul shall be required of thee, and the things which thou hast prepared, whose shall they be?" So is he that layeth up treasures for himself and is not rich toward God.

The "goods," household or other "goods," are "bads," very "bads," when they encourage indolence, awaken unholy, that is, unworthy, ambitions and jealousy; when they breed imbecility in the recipient. The bigger barns of the father that make inefficient and indulgent children and grandchildren is a curse to his posterity and a menace to society. It were better for him and his if his barns had never been rebuilded and he had lived and died in obscure but happy toil and penury.

The true appreciation of the barn and its abundance, of wealth and its powers, is possible only to the discriminating mind; to one awake to the abuses of it; to one who knows that the difference between the "goods" and the "bads" of life is always a psychical and not a physical one, a spiritual and not a material one. It is the difference between growth and debauchery, between service and a hindrance between a creator and a parasite—a beggar, between energy and laziness, between cheer and despair.

I cannot stop to analyze or to illustrate, but the material is at hand. The three deadly D's in political economy that Ruskin made so clear are Diet, Dress and Debt. O, the horrible wastes, the miserable selfishness, the unspeakable brutality and vulgarity that go with the misuse of foods, of dress, and the unscrupulous dealing which goes through life with unpaid debts, which renders no equivalent *quid pro quo* for that which we have and use and spend and waste!

I have said that perhaps the most demoralizing center, the most materialistic aggregation of influences in the city of Chicago today, in any modern city, are the palatial and seductive emporiums of what they call "dry goods," but which in the ultimate analysis prove that an overwhelming percentage of them are "dry-bads,"—because they represent mighty streams of human energy diverted into non-productive channels; they represent unhallowed ambitions; they encourage unhygienic habits, and wicked, thrice wicked, wastefulness of human brawn and brain. The shoes with impossible heels, the savage heads with their gruesome decorations, the stays that disfigure and deform, the fabrics that, for all their daintiness and delicacy, are stained with children's blood and woven out of women's nerves, represent a large percentage of the business of those marts. For, reduce clothing to its legitimate function,—of protecting and beautifying the human form divine, eliminate from the food and drink supplies of the world the adulterations, the stimulations, the inflations, the awful waste of the adver-

tiser, and the tricks that seek to persuade people to buy that which is not food and to drink that which is not drink, and life will become more triumphant, art will be better patronized, fellowship will be advanced, the supremacy of conscience more honored and faith will find deeper root. But there would be an awful contraction in certain lines of business. The traffic in the staple "goods" of the world should be increased; the traffic in the staple "bads" ought to be enormously reduced.

Some years ago the president of a dress-makers' convention in Chicago gave out in her official address the opinion that a lady might go handsomely dressed in Chicago and maintain gracefully her social position on an annual investment of not more than five thousand dollars, but that this figure was too low for New York society. We have a more authoritative figure for the national metropolis in the announcement in this week's paper that Miss Morosini, daughter of a multi-millionaire banker, confesses that she spends two hundred thousand dollars per annum on her clothes; while the unseemly publication in the same paper of a woman's unpaid bill gives the uninitiated a glimpse of these things that go to equip the lady that is "fearful and wonderful" in her make-up, however it may be about her make,—ten-dollar hats and hundred-dollar gowns, and other things in proportion. All these things may be innocent in themselves, but in the present stage of human development, while good causes languish, good women are overworked, dear children are underfed and are deprived of their legitimate rights to fresh air, fresh water, and good schools, such "goods" are "bads."

The same paper gives a list of the election expenses in New York. Carnegie and Rockefeller are reported as having given five thousand dollars each to the republican campaign committee this fall, which expended something in the neighborhood of a half million; all parties concerned reported nearly a million and a quarter, and all committees spending less than two hundred dollars were not required to report.

This may be legitimate. Rockefeller and Carnegie may have political opinions which they ought to support by the paltry sums they subscribed. But when J. P. Morgan & Co. subscribed five thousand dollars, and other "& Co.'s" are represented in the subscription list, one can but wonder what kind of an entity the "Co." is. Has he political opinions, party preferences, a choice of legislators, and municipal policies to advance?

Thus have we arrived in our Thanksgiving study at the presistent question of the hour,—"How to save our 'goods' from becoming 'bads'; how to compel our wealth to serve intelligence, to conserve righteousness, to espouse the cause of justice and progress." It is never a question of destruction, but always a question of a wiser distribution. No fabric is too fine for a woman's bonnet; no carpet too soft for a woman's foot, when there is enough of them to go around; when the beribboned woman is not involved in the fate of her bedraggled sister; when the carpet does not involve the bleeding feet of those who must walk over the flinty ways of the world unshod. Here mere possession does not justify. "No man liveth to himself alone, and no man dieth to himself." The sin is in hoarding, not in gathering; the crime comes in the congestion of trade, and redemption comes through wiser distribution and fairer play,—which means freer play.

"Rich towards God" is the gospel phrase; made rich by the distributing hand, by the kindly deed, the sympathetic word, the sharing instinct; the true wealth that carries with it no sting; that always represents the "goods" of life as the common-wealths,—the things we share together.

There comes a time in the evolution of society when personality is merged into community. "Make no more giants, Lord, but elevate the race at once," was the prayer of Browning's Paracelsus. In a moment of enthusiasm the benignity of the Master moved the grateful heart of a woman who exclaimed,—"Blessed is the womb that bore thee and the breasts which gave thee suck." Quick and clear came the response,—"Rather blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it."

Alas for the woman whose engagements with the milliner and the dress-maker and the club are so imperative that she has no time for church, Sunday-school, or the many joint benedictions and benefactions they represent! Alas for the man who is so busy in tearing down old barns and building new ones that he has no time to give to the study of civic well-being or municipal activities! The riches of his barn cannot atone for his poverty toward God. "Seek ye first his Kingdom and these things shall be added unto you."

There are four hot questions disturbing the peace of Chicago at the present time, absorbing the newspaper spaces, exciting and dissecting the community:

1. A band of excited teachers, arming themselves to defend their rights, to advance their interests, to promote their wages;

2. Great railway systems asking for the privilege of erecting magnificent terminal stations that they may the more adequately receive and discharge the traffic of the continent;

3. A mighty combination of capitalists having come into possession of the discoveries of Bell and his associates and the public need that has grown out of that possibility of long-range conversation, of projecting the voice across attenuated wires, defying distance, is moving heaven and earth in its effort to perpetuate its franchise, in its desire to secure twenty years more monopoly of the public utility that has become a public need. This combination desires the franchise on such terms as will make to the great public,—the major partner in the concern, immeasurably the greatest capitalist, the party that will make the heaviest deposits, to which belong consequently the larger profits,—the passive if not the helpless member in the firm, leaving the lesser element, those who make the least investment and who run the least risk, the recipients of the greater profits and the chief directors of the joint enterprise;

4. Already there is a mysterious, beautiful underworld to Chicago; a great ramification of subways; a subterranean system of streets and chambers, already throbbing with commerce and destined to become an immeasurable element in the wealth-getting power of Chicago; aye, an essential element in the very existence of the metropolis.

What is the Thanksgiving message in regard to these four grave contentions? The right solution to each and all of them lies in the direction of civic righteousness, of public welfare, the increase of the common-wealth that alone will save the "goods" from becoming the "bads." This will dedicate them primarily to public service.

Let the teachers become more anxious to deserve respect, promotion and monetary reward, and there will be less need of their turning aside and assuming the role of agitators and of resorting to the methods of politics and politicians.

Let those great railway systems that center in Chicago recognize that their fundamental obligations are to the community, and that the community can be served, not by the rivalries, but by the harmonies of traffic. Instead of five different terminal stations as we now have, competitive centers doing the business remote the one from the other, in methods and in space, there should be one magnificent terminal, with its various departments, so co-related and subordinated, the one to the other, that the advantages to the community are paramount to the profits to the company. The municipality, the people, whose wealth is represented in the traffic which they offer these railroads, should ever be represented in the councils that erect, install, and subsequently manage this terminal.

The same is true of the telephone company. No righteous administration of this incalculable wealth of the future can be approached that does not recognize from the very start the partnership qualifications of the Public. However arranged, in reality the Public is the greater stockholder in any telephone company; and in law and equity the rights of this major partner should ever be safeguarded; his vote must be counted; his claims to the profits must be recognized, and his right to prompt redress for wrong must ever be vouchsafed.

The same also is true concerning the as yet, to most people, half-mythical under-wealth of Chicago. The subways of its prosperity, the subways of its intelligence, are related to the freight-ways that now tunnel the streets, of the surface of which the Public says "Ours." Forty feet below, some mysterious corporation claims the same street as their own.

These are some of the lines of thought suggested by our Thanksgiving sermon which started out with the determination to appreciate the "goods" of life. My friend, John Phillips, superintendent of schools at Birmingham, Ala., in his beautiful series of Student Talks, entitled "Old Tales and Modern Ideals," preaches a pretty Thanksgiving Day sermon to the high school boys and girls out of an old Thanksgiving proclamation represented in Greek mythology.

King Calydon ordered a Thanksgiving festival in honor of all the gods. Altars were erected to Ceres, the Goddess of corn; to Bacchus, the God of vineyards; to Mars, the God of war; to Neptune, of the sea; to Apollo, of music; to Mercury, of speech and eloquence, and the people returned from the great festival with the thoughts of pious duties performed. But one Divinity had been neglected that day; Diana, the mighty Huntress, had been forgotten. She who hunted in the Calydonean forests and kept at bay the wild beasts, had received an indignity. So that before another harvest came with its bounty, a wild boar with terrible tusks ravaged the ripening fields, devastated the vineyards, destroyed the herds, and killed the people. Until at last, the King's son summoned the heroes of Greece and they succeeded in chasing the terrible beast to his lair, slew him, and won again the confidences of Diana.

Let our Thanksgiving recognize all the gods; be thankful for all bounties,—but let us beware lest we offer indignity to the supreme Divinity,—the Goddess of Justice, aye, the God of heaven and earth, He who hath ordained the common life of man, decreed the ultimate primacy of love, and the unconquerable quality of brotherhood.

John Phillips, in the little sermon I spoke of, reminds the boys and girls that "thank" and "think" come from the same root, and that Thanksgiving Day is possible only where there is a thoughts-giving day. Through the ministrations of thoughts, Thanksgiving becomes Thanks-*living*, and the one day stretches out into the year. Thus will the loaded barns, the bursting granaries, become the delight and the endowment, the safety and the power, of all men, women and children,—in whose common-wealth we alone are wealthy; in whose prosperity alone can we prosper; in whose comfort alone can we be comfortable.

God, guide us into the bounty of peace, the joy and the fellowship, of this enlarged Thanksgiving board, spread for us in our ancestral home,—the Table of the Lord, for the Lord's own, in his own great world!

"The Prophet of Nazareth"

The appearance some three or four years ago, in the great new "Encyclopedia Biblica," of the articles "Jeremiah," "Son of God," and "Son of Man," signed with the initials of Nathaniel Schmidt, professor in Cornell University, was an event of prime significance to American Biblical scholarship. It was at once evident that a Biblical scholar of great ability, with unusual linguistic resources and wide learning as well as vigorous originality, had appeared on this side of the water. In wealth of knowledge, brilliancy of critical acumen, and radical thoroughness of conception and execution, these articles stand out as among the most notable in that finest of Bible dictionaries. Their appeal is, however, to the specialist rather than to the general reader. But the reputation won by Professor Schmidt among his compeers will now be widely extended among students of Christian origins by his recent book, in some degree a reworking of his "Son of God" and "Son of Man" articles, entitled "The Prophet of Nazareth."*

To the present reviewer this work of Professor Schmidt approaches, nearest of all extant Lives of Jesus, to the probable facts. The author begins his study at the near end with the Christ of the creeds. That wonderful figure, small part reality and much more imagination, he shows to have been an inevitable outcome of the earlier modes of thought and of Biblical interpretation. Just as inevitable, with the new conception of the universe and the scientific study of Scripture that have come about since the sixteenth century, was the decline of the orthodox Christological dogma, until now the outlines of Jesus' actual personality are seen by an enlightened critical and spiritual insight more clearly than for the past eighteen centuries. What it means to the religious consciousness to strip from Jesus the robes of Messianic office and see him in his habit as he lived the author proposes to show. And the burden of his striking exposition is that this changed point of view brings infinite gain, not loss, in the personal influence of Jesus upon us and in the consecration to social service in which that influence issues. "Perhaps no man ever felt the intrinsic worth of the prophecy, the psalmody, the legislation of the Old Testament," he tells us, "as deeply as he who, having looked upon the face of the heavenly Christ, saw the glory vanish from the covenant of the letter. So it may be that the beauty of the Christ is best seen, the grandeur and power of the celestial Son of God are most fully appreciated, by him whose eyes have been entranced by the surpassing glory of the new conception that is destined to take its place, the ideal suggested by the life of Jesus of Nazareth, as a critical study of the records is able to restore it" (p. 10).

*The Prophet of Nazareth, by Nathaniel Schmidt, Professor of Semitic Languages and Literatures in Cornell University. New York: The Macmillan Company. Pp. 422, $2.50 net.

The critical study of the records thus foreshadowed is pursued through a series of solid chapters on "The Old Testament Basis," "The Jewish Messiah," "The Son of Man," "The Son of God," "The Logos," "The Secondary Sources," and "The Gospels," which make the foundation on which the positive results set forth in later chapters are reared. Of the chapters on "The Old Testament Basis" and "The Jewish Messiah" it is perhaps enough to say that each is an epitome of existing learning on the preparation for Jesus in the earlier life of Judaism. With the long chapter on "The Son of Man" begins Professor Schmidt's original contribution to his subject. Briefly, he undertakes to show, with a wealth of philological learning, that the phrase "Son of Man," as used in the gospels, cannot in the mouth of Jesus himself have been a Messianic title. This conclusion is reached in the first place by retranslating the sayings of Jesus, preserved in the gospels in Greek, into the Aramaic tongue, in which with hardly a doubt Jesus originally spoke them; and, secondly, by a comparison of extant Aramaic usage of phrases allied to "Son of Man" to determine what, as spoken by Jesus to those who heard him, it probably meant. In order fully to appreciate such a theory, and still more in order to criticise it adequately, one must have a knowledge of Greek and of Biblical Aramaic to which the writer of this review can make no claim. At the same time, any such theory must depend for its acceptance by the rank and file of Bible students not alone on the authority of the few who are competent to urge the necessarily difficult and obscure linguistic arguments which determine their assent to the new position. That position has also to commend itself to the general student by its congruity with the rest of his knowledge, and especially by the degree of harmony and order which its adoption introduces into his conception of the whole subject.

To assert that the Jesus never called himself or permitted others to call him the Messiah, and that the phrase "Son of Man," clearly intended by the authors of our Greek gospels to have a Messianic significance, can have meant on his lips only "man" in the generic sense, is in effect to reconstruct our idea of his personality and mission from a point of view widely different from that usually found in the books about him. Almost invariably, even among writers of liberal tendencies, it is assumed that Jesus accepted the title of Messiah in a sense different from that in which it was taken by the mass of his countrymen and perhaps by his own disciples. That he utterly rejected it, and that its application to him, with all the far-reaching effects that this has had upon the thought of succeeding centuries, was a radical misunderstanding of his mission, is a position that, if accepted, requires an almost complete reconstruction of our understanding of the gospel history. It requires nothing less than a writing of the life of Jesus anew, and a setting in the light of a conception of startling freshness and suggestiveness of the many vexed problems that arise.

This new construction of Jesus' personality and teaching Professor Schmidt undertakes in two chapters that form the heart of his book, on "The Life of Jesus" and "The Teaching of Jesus." In these eighty pages of vivid portraiture, rising in symmetrical beauty above the firm substratum of learned allusion and reference in the earlier chapters, lies the strength of his case. To many a reader the picture will be nothing less than a revelation. Jesus, the teacher, walks the earth again and throws upon the complicated affairs of men the searchlight of his unparalleled moral and spiritual intuition. The story of the gospels, freed from repetitions, incongruities and the atmosphere of legend and miracle, lives in these pages. It becomes more than an ancient tale of wonder, for the author is moved by an intense feeling of the needs of the modern world to carry on his application of Jesus' teachings into our own day. This contemporaneousness of reference is made the motive of his closing chapters, on "The Historic Influence of Jesus," "The Present Problem," and "The Leadership of Jesus," in which the scholar becomes himself a prophet, and with an eloquence that betokens a burning conviction not dimmed but heightened by his critical insight he holds up before the modern world the rule of life and the potent example of him who as the Son of God become Son of Man has always so mightily stirred men's hearts to righteousness and peace.

The acceptance of Professor Schmidt's conclusions cannot be a mere matter of critical assent when the end of his volume is reached. Rather he has given us, in his demonstration of the radical humanity and democracy of Jesus' attitude, a clue which in our own continuous study we are to apply to the facts involved. It is some consolation for the tardiness of this review that the delay has made possible almost a year's testing and sifting of this hypothesis, with frequent skeptical reactions and re-examinations, but with the final result of a growing adhesion to it. Certainly no work on the central problems of the gospels can now be considered competent that does not fully take it into account. The issue between fact and fancy cannot longer be evaded without violence to the critical conscience. This is written in the hope of reaching the eyes of students in these matters, who will find a new world of possibility opening before them as they reflect on the wide implications in theory and in practical life of the unspoiled and triumphant humanity of the Prophet of Nazareth.

In a work of such wide scope it is impossible that all the positions laid down can seem acceptable to any one reader. Where one is a pioneer, there must remain some underbrush to be cleared away by those who follow. It is a merit of the author that he never leaves his position in doubt, and that usually his reference to authorities is helpful as well as often of an amazing breadth of range. Professor Schmidt's choice of Matthew as the earliest of the gospels, while it has some justification, is not likely to commend itself to the majority of scholars. He seems to be insensible of the obviously later and derivative arrangement, for example, of the sayings of Jesus, and also of the strong support that is given by the priority of Mark to his own theory of the rejection of the Messiahship by Jesus. That the Jews crucified him instead of the Romans is not proved by the testimony of the Sinaitic Syriac alone (p. 288), although this is somewhat strengthened by the testimony of the gospel according to Peter (p. 206). The whole scene of the trial and its surrounding incidents seems to need a more delicate handling than it here receives. Generally speaking, in the present book attention is confined almost exclusively to the external aspect of affairs, and the same hand or another will have to attempt the task of recreating for us the psychological situation, so that we may, so far as possible, look out on Jesus' surroundings and his fate from a viewpoint similar to his own.

This brings us to the one serious gap in Professor Schmidt's scholarly equipment for his undertaking. Whether intentionally or not, he seems to have overlooked the notable contribution to his point of view from the more inward side that is made by Martineau

in his "Seat of Authority in Religion," published prior to Professor Schmidt's earliest announcement of his theory of the meaning of "Son of Man." In a chapter that we think is destined to become a classic on the subject, Martineau with his unrivalled power of statement gives us a spiritual portraiture of Jesus that immensely reënforces the argument for his unspoiled humanity that is here chiefly drawn from philological considerations. The reader of the chapter in this volume on "The Son of Man" will do well to read with it Martineau's discussion of "Theories of the Person of Jesus; as Messiah" in the "Seat of Authority" (pp. 326-357). Martineau was no great linguist, but the insight gained from long dwelling on the spirit of the gospels led him along the same paths that Professor Schmidt travels armed with his wider learning. The two arguments taken together, the literal and the spiritual, so to speak, make an overthrow of the position almost impossible. We hope that it is not undue temerity to suggest that in a second edition Professor Schmidt add references to Martineau's work.

We prefer to submit our notes of misprints and minor queries to the author privately rather than to burden with them this already long review. It remains to be said that for students of the gospel traditions and the resulting theological development the volume before us cannot safely be neglected, while from its later constructive chapters particularly the general reader can obtain much that is of the highest value. The meaning of Jesus for our current life is the point of chief concern. Is he to be still a demigod, lifted beyond our sympathy and imitation by a difference of nature? If not, let us seek to realize him wholly as a man, gentle, humble, devout but mighty in his confidence in God and his fellowmen, and in the kingdom of a better life that is to come by living in active love with one another.

RICHARD W. BOYNTON.

Another Book on the Future Life*

"Future Life" was heralded as "a work of immense importance." It is difficult to see what importance it possesses for any one who wish a clear, true vision of reality.

Its undeniable merit is that it brings together the study of ancient traditions, customs and religions, and a study of modern science, in an effort to determine what testimony they offer to the truth of soul-persistence after death. The author has carefully and conscientiously gathered all he could find, in past and present, that bears on the great hope, and has tried to coördinate it.

But the impression left on the reader is one of painful effort, producing no worthy result. A suspicion arises also and gathers strength as one goes farther into the discussion that the author does not possess the critical faculty necessary to give such a work authority. He shows a readiness to leap to conclusions and to accept guesses as facts, which is at times almost flippant. His calm acceptance of an etymology of the word "Jehovah" (p. 93), which critical scholars would generally dispute or deny, is an instance.

In fact, his entire dealing with the Bible is devoid of critical value, and forces the conviction that the author is either ignorant or disingenuous. He seems unaware of the established conclusions as to the composite authorship of the Pentateuch, places Job among the early books of the Old Testament, and makes the surprising statement (p. 101), "All commentators are agreed in believing the Pentateuch to enfold a hidden meaning." He assumes motives for certain Hebrew customs which are far from sure (p. 105). He adopts the extravagant interpretations of the Cabala, with the lame defense that unless these interpretations had accorded with the accepted ideas they would not have been received. By the same method we could justify any theological notion that has gained acceptance, however absurd it may be. He quotes passages from Job, and elsewhere, in senses now universally abandoned by scholars (p. 142). He says that "almost every one imagined John the Baptist to be the reincarnation of "Elijah"—a baseless assumption, violating plain facts of the gospel record. He assumes that Paul wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews, and then grossly misinterprets him (p. 149). His whole dealing with the Bible is uncritical to the point of being childish; and arouses grave doubts as to his trustworthiness throughout—a doubt strengthened by his evident incapacity to discriminate between fact and assumption in the realm of physical investigation.

There is an excellent grouping of primitive conceptions, showing the unity of social and religious ideas of nations often classed apart. There is an interesting presentation of the practical nature of Gallic faith (pp. 92, 93). But these are small oases in a great desert.

The facts so painfully gained by diligent research are rendered comparatively useless by the lack of an index. The conclusions reached by this effort are merely these: From the study of the religious ideas of antiquity we learn that among all races there was a conviction that man's soul would survive death; from the study of science we find certain facts and principles which suggest interesting analogies and possibilities for man's soul-life; from the study of the occult we may get a knowledge of mysterious and unexplained happenings which, if they could be explained, might give us some basis for belief in a future life.

Are such obvious conclusions worth the effort of writing—or of reading—so intricate and labored a book?

WILLIAM P. MERRILL.

Chicago.

*"Future Life, in the Light of Ancient Wisdom and Modern Science," by Louis Elbe. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Preventive Medicine

"Preventive Medicine," by William Colby Cooper, M. D.; published by the author at Cleves, Ohio. Dr. Cooper, who sends us this little book, is one of our family of UNITY readers. In it he turns his athletic mind in the direction of some of the fundamental problems of health, and the result is a very breezy and suggestive little book. There is "something doing" on every page. What a physician would think of the last part of it, discussing the effects of various drugs and the best treatment of diseases, I do not know. I am going to send it to one and ask him. The first part has same outspoken things to say about eugenics, or the art of being well born. Dr. Cooper believes in homoculture, in the unsexing of habitual criminals, in the definite training of girls for motherhood, in the preservation of the true play spirit in the kindergarten, in smaller classes in the schools (to be obtained, if necessary, by a shift system of alternate half-days of attendance), and in a lot of other things that are interesting to read about. I think he charges fifty cents for the book.

W. B. THORP.

The tide of popular interest is nowhere more quickly and clearly revealed than in the fiction of the day. It is a truism that the problems of business and trade represented by the word "Trust" are of tremend-

ous interest. One of the strong novels of the year is "The District Attorney,"* by the well-known author of "Robert Tournay."

Mr. Sage paints with skilled hand the picture of a proud and arrogant financier who rides rough-shod over all his competitors until he is finally brought to bay by his own son, the young District Attorney, who is "cursed with a conscience." The plot is thickened and the touch of romance added by the love of the young man for the daughter of his father's most unyielding competitor, the one man who refuses to knuckle down or sell out to the trust, even though his defiance spells defeat—a competitor who insists upon being "his own man" until ruin is forced upon him. The young lawyer, carefully educated and at great expense by his ambitious father, proves to be "a chip of the old block," with the brain to conceive, the hand to execute, and the whole inflexibility that characterized his sire, but also with the touch of divinity that makes him balk at the ruin of his fellows. The leader of the Trust, a modern political manipulator and king of graft, is drawn true to life; he remains the strong and powerful, self-reliant and unyielding magnate even unto the end. In the day when success has crowned the efforts of the young District Attorney, when "graft" is driven from the City Hall and righteousness is vindicated, the stern old warrior, secretly admiring the courage and integrity of his son, none the less scorns the proffered olive branch and dies as he lived, stoically drinking the bitter cup of his own brewing.

There is, however, a touch of humanity in the picture of the old man, whose soul is about to begin its long journey—a pathos too deep for tears—as he seizes his son's hand and cries to him, "Do not leave me! All my life it seems as if I had been alone." This is the dark shadow which brings into clearer relief the picture of the friend of his fellows within whom "dwells the true spirit of democracy."

This book is a contribution to popular education and acquaintance with the business world. Its settings are dramatic, its language is chaste, its ideals are high, it is worth while. A strong book worthy to be put in the hands of young business men. C. A. O.

Book Notes

From J. B. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia, I am in receipt of three of the most beautiful volumes for Christmas presents that I have ever seen. They are "Kitty of the Roses," "The Maid of Arcady," and "An Orchard Princess"—gotten up in exquisite style, and illuminated with marginal illustrations, many of them in colors. The story in each case is of that delicate flavor that belongs to every-day life when it is lived cleanly and honestly. I like the books immensely, and can make only one grumble, that is, that the fine young fellows, all of them, light their cigarettes. It would be bad enough if they used tobacco in any form—an accursed piece of work, make the best of it.

From Putnams I find on the table "The Sword of Wealth," a thoroughly good story, written by Henry Wilton Thomas; also "The Man of Property," by John Galsworthy. I have only dipped into this story, but I like it so far. I think these two novels are worth the while, but I shall reserve judgment because I have been caught once or twice.

*"The District Attorney," by William Sage. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. 12mo., 296 pages, bound in cloth, $1.50.

From the same house comes that capital book, "Shibusawa," by William Adams. This book undertakes to analyze the conditions and characteristics of Japanese life. We have got a great deal more to do with this island empire during the next ten years, and maybe we had better learn to understand them. At the same time it will not hurt us to make the discovery that we are not the only people on earth.

From Putnams also comes a book entitled "The Evolution of Religion," by Everard Bierer. This is an embodiment of the religious convictions of the author and a thorough study of comparative religion. Mr. Bierer imagines that he will find many bitter antagonists; but I do not think he will find them among intelligent people. The main aim of the book is to get rid of the doctrine of the Trinity, which is the main point of difference between the leading religious. But Prof. Brown, of Union Theological Seminary, has also recently defined the Trinity out of religious conceptions. These old oriental and mystical interpretations of the unseen are outlived, and in five years more Unitarians and Trinitarians will merge together. What we want now is to get ready for a great human fellowship, in which we shall all cooperate for the public welfare, from the standpoint of moral and manly purposing.

From the same house comes the last volume of "The Story of the Nations" series. This is another book on Japan, written by David Murray, with supplementary chapters by Baron Kaneko. The book is superbly got up and, I think, is about the best history of Japan now available for the general public.

From A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, I have an enlarged edition of "Golden Poems," edited by Francis Fisher Browne. Very few of this class of books can get a reading; but this volume has not only won a large circle of readers, but it well deserves all its popularity.

The Macmillan Co. sends me Crawford's last volume, "A Lady of Rome." In this volume Mr. Crawford has found another of those women who made a blunder in marrying the wrong man. He has shown a whole lot of literary skill in analyzing this woman's sentiments, and pulling and hauling a lot of very decent people through a great deal of struggling and misery, and all sorts of high aspiration and low aspiration—until he has got enough to make a book. For my part I see no reason for any more of this sort of novels, as I see no special reason for any more of this sort of bad living.

Maud Ballington Booth has written a beautiful volume entitled "Twilight Fairy Tales." These are truly beautiful and sweet and healthy. The book is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Funk & Wagnalls send me a volume entitled "How to Speak in Public," by Grenville Kleiser. This is a fairly good book on elocution. It will help in the way of breathing and vocal hygiene, and in voice culture. So far as some of the minute laws laid down are concerned, I have no time to discuss them; but one thing is certain, that the girls in our public schools need to be taught to read so that they can be heard throughout a large audience room, and both boys and girls need to know a great deal more than they do about the proper use of their vocal organs. E. P. Powell.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.
MON.—Let us be silent, that we may hear the whispers of the gods!
TUES.—The epochs of our life are not in the visible facts, but in the silent thoughts by the wayside as we walk.
WED.—The epochs of our life are not in the visible facts, but in the silent thoughts by the wayside as we walk.
THURS.—If there is any great or good thing in store for you, it will not come at the first or second call.
FRI.—Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.
SAT.—Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.

—*Emerson.*

The House

When first the builder builds him a house
  'Tis naught but a wooden box—
A thing of lumber, boards, and planks,
  Of shingles, beams, and blocks;
And when 'tis built 'tis still a box,
  A box to the very minute
Some honest felow takes the house
  And puts a woman in it.
Then, though it has no gabled front, no turret, tower, or dome,
Then is the builder justified, the box becomes a home.

And why should a man dwell in a house
  Until he lays his head
In the windowless room of the earth-scooped house
  On the hillsides of the dead?
Let him steer the ship by the pilot stars,
  And dig in the sunless mine;
Let him dwell with his flocks on the summer hills,
  And live like a tree or a vine.
The sky is the roof for a brideless man, and the seas are his to roam,
Till he turns to his bride in the builded house, and the box becomes a home.

Why should a man live in a wooden box?
  The ends of the earth are far;
Let him forth to the lands of the Southern Cross
  And the lands of the Polar star.
And mete it is for the brideless man,
  And the dower of his birth,
To draw his strength from the roofless sky
  And the face of a fenceless earth.
So let him forth till his thoughts shall turn (grown sick with the roofless dome)
To the woman shrined in the builded house, when the box becomes a home.

And when he is sick of the winds of the sky,
  And the old sea's ancient strife,
Let him shear the hills of their pines and build
  A box around his wife.
And then will his chimneyed pine-built box
  Become a templed shrine,
And he'll grow to the virtues that love a roof
  And thrive with the door-yard vine.
And then he shall turn from the unfenced earth, and the sea with its far sky dome,
To the woman shrined in the builded house, when the box becomes a home.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

Shortening the Way

The mother was wheeling the baby-carriage and its tiny occupant homeward after an afternoon's visit, while four-year-old Robbie was continually reaching up his hands to push, or running forward to pull, under the impression that he was aiding the progress.

"Why do you let him?" demanded the matter-of-fact aunt. "He is only getting in your way all the time."

"He thinks he is helping and that makes the way shorter to him and keeps him from feeling tired," answered the mother softly, as the little fellow ran forward to push a branch out of the way. "It is only like us older ones," she added, with deeper meaning; "we all find the way long when we begin to think we are not needed any more."

It is a truth that every loving heart should take note of, for it is here that the aged or invalid ones of our household are often wounded unwittingly. Mistaken kindness would take away every task, or thoughtless strength is so sure of ability to do it all better and more easily that weak hands are robbed of their accustomed occupations and left idle. Love should be keener-sighted; there is nothing that makes the way so long as a feeling that one is done with usefulness. —*Exchange.*

Dog Rescuer

A setter dog ventured too far on the ice of Williams Lake, and, falling into a hole, was unable to get out of the water. Among those who saw the dog struggling in this dangerous place was a large Newfoundland dog, who rushed to the spot, planted himself firmly on the further side of the hole in which the setter was struggling more and more feebly to escape, and made several efforts to grasp the drowning dog. He persevered until he caught the dog's neck in his teeth, when he pulled him up to a place of safety. After he could stand, the setter wagged his tail and rubbed himself against the Newfoundland gratefully, and the rescuer and rescued trotted off together.—*Our Four-footed Friends.*

Seeing Pretty Things

My mother had a happy way
  Of seeing every pretty thing.
She always saw the sunset's glow,
  The shadows floating cloudlets fling,
A bird, a shell, a bit of moss,
  A dainty spray of cypress vine;
Against the azure of the sky
  Where slender, leafless twigs entwine.

Saw tiny rainbows span the spheres
  Of shining dew on leaf or blade;
A fragile insect's gauzy wing,
  The shifting play of light and shade
In sky and cloud, on bluff and plain;
  A dove's smooth breast, the sumach's glow,
The "little wheels" made in the pool
  By sparkling raindrops falling slow.

Midst closely nibbled meadow grass
  She spied a daisy still uncropped;
She saw a fern, a pebble bright,
  A feather by some song bird dropped,
A flower in unaccustomed place,
  The touch of color on the hill
From autumn leaves by frost lips kissed;
  Beside the way a tinkling rill.

The old, sweet childhood days are gone,
  My mother now a memory
From out the past—the dear, dead past;
  Yet o'er and o'er comes back to me,
With all its power for happiness,
  The wealth of cheer and peace it brings,
The influence of her blessed gift
  Of always seeing pretty things.

—*Gazelle Stevens Sharp.*

When Even Cometh On

The mother-heart doth yearn at eventide,
And, wheresoe'er the straying ones may roam,
When even cometh on they all fare home.
'Neath feather sheltering the brood doth hide;
In eager flights the birds wing to their nest,
While happy lambs and children miss the sun,
And to the folds do hustle one by one,
As night doth gather slowly in the west.
All ye who hurry through life's busy day,
Hark to the greeting that the Ages tell,
"The sun doth rise and set, hail and farewell."
But comfort ye your heart where'er ye stray,
For those who through this little day do roam,
When even cometh on shall all fare home.

—*Lucy E. Tilley.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

PREAMBLE AND DECLARATION ADOPTED AT JARNAC.—The following is the preamble and declaration of principles, unanimously adopted by the representatives of French Protestant churches essembled at Jarnac:

Preamble.—The members of the Assembly at Jarnac, in the desire and hope of preventing a permanent schism among the Reformed Churches of France, in full reliance on the mercy and the promises of our Heavenly Father,

Resolve to draw up a declaration of principles and the draft of a constitution to be submitted to the General Assembly of the Reformed Churches.

While awaiting this Assembly they suggest and advise the churches to organize, from this time on, upon the basis of this declaration of principles and this constitution. They instruct their committee to take, upon request of the churches, all the practical measures that this resolution implies.

They solemnly protest, however, that in adopting provisionally this constitution they do not seek to impose it upon that coming Assembly, but are eager to join any broader union voted by that Assembly and animated by the same spirit.

Declaration of Principles.—The representatives of the Reformed Churches of France assembled at Jarnac October 24-26, 1906, persuaded that, under present circumstances, the Holy Spirit lays upon them responsibilities which they cannot longer avoid;

After having, in the consciousness of their personal unworthiness, implored Divine grace and deliberated together in fraternal harmony;

Believing that there exist in the churches an absolute need of intellectual sincerity and a growingly conscious aspiration towards a fraternal unity, based on common religious experiences, sustained by a common desire for moral repentance, spiritual awakening, theological renewing and social activity;

Determined, so far as in them lies, to preserve intact the faith and the freedom which gave dignity and strength to the Reformed Churches of France;

Resolved to end the era of polemics in order to call all disciples of the Master to right action, to a revival of the churches, to the evangelization of their native land, to missionary effort, to the deliverance of souls that perish, to an attack on all the citadels of sin that the Kingdom of God may triumph on this earth, in justice, love and holiness;

In spiritual communion with the Reformed Churches of France which expressed their faith in the sixteenth century in the confession of La Rochelle and in the nineteenth, in the Declaration of 1872, and with all churches born of the Reformation;

Gladly and with all their hearts proclaim:

1. Faith in Jesus Christ, "Son of the living God," supreme gift of the Father to suffering, sinful humanity, the Saviour, who, by his holy life, his teaching, his death upon the cross, his resurrection and his permanent influence on souls and in the world, effectively saves all those who through him, turn to God, and makes it their duty to labor for the upbuilding of the city of justice and brotherhood;

2. The unique religious value of the Bible, a document of the progressive revelations of God;

3. The right and the duty of individuals and of churches to practice free investigation in conformity with the rules of the scientific method and to labor for the reconciliation of modern thought with the Gospel;

4. The distinctly laical and popular character of religious groupings, the fraternal coöperation of all, pastors and laymen, in the parish, each putting at the service of the others such gifts as he has received;

5. The maintenance of the presbyterian synod regime, which implies the religious autonomy, administrative and financial, of the parishes, and their solidarity under the form of a confederation of the churches.

Therefore, preoccupied first of all with bringing about the union of hearts and purposes, they summon to their side the believers and the churches that wish to maintain and disseminate these essential principles of the Gospel and the Reformation.

The Jarnac assembly completed its work by drawing up a constitution for a national union to be known as the Union of the Reformed Churches, and a scheme of discipline for this Union.

M. E. H.

GUARANTEE

Only legitimate lines of business will be admitted to these columns, and only those firms who will "make good" on all offers will be retained. *We therefore absolutely guarantee all advertisements herein.* If any subscriber reports that money sent to an advertiser has been misappropriated or falsely applied, or in any way a plain deception has been practiced, we will investigate the case and if charge is true we will make good the loss to our subscriber.

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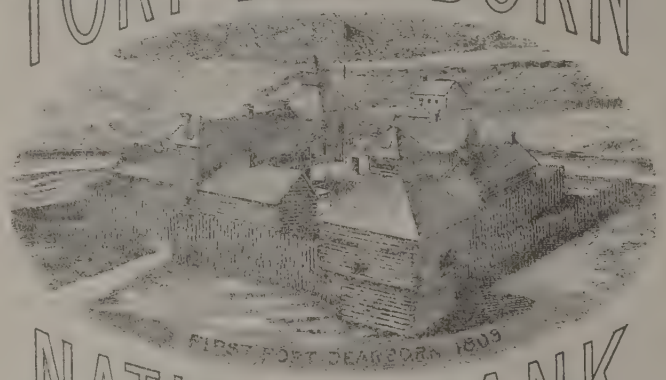

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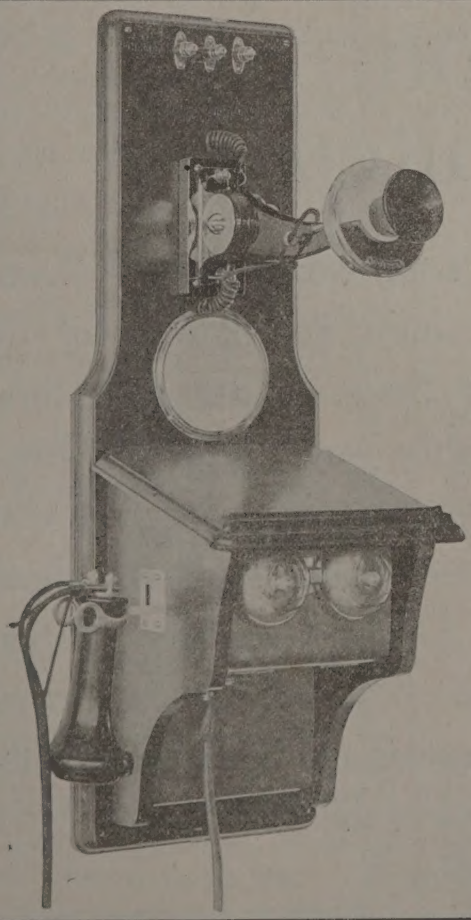

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